Prin. O my ſweet beoffe, I muſt ſtill be good Angell to thee, the money is paid backe againe.

Fal. O, I do not like that paying backe, tis a double labour.

Prin. I am good friends with my father, & may do any thing

Fal. Rob me the Exchequer the firſt thing thou doeſt, and do it with vnwaſht hands too.

Bar. Do my Lord.

Prin. I haue procured thee, Iacke a charge of foot.

Fal. I would it had beene of horſe. Where ſhall I finde one that can ſteale well? O, for a fine thiefe of the age of xxii. or ther about; I am hainouſly vnprouided. Well, God be thanked for theſe rebels, they offend none but the vertuous; I laud them, I praiſe them. *Prin.* Bardoll. *Bar* My Lord.

Prin. Go beare this letter to Lord Iohn of Lancaſter,
To my brother Iohn, this to my Lord of Weſtmerland,
Go, Peto, to horſe, for thou and I
Haue thirty miles to ride yet ere dinner time:
Iacke meete me to morrow in the Temple hall,
At two a clocke in the afternoone,
There ſhalt thou know thy charge, and there receiue,
Money and order for their furniture.
The land is burning, Percy ſtands on high,
And eyther they or we muſt lower lie.

Fal. Rare words braue world. Hoſtes, my breakefaſt come
Oh, I could wiſh this Tauerne were my drum. *Exeunt.*

Enter Hotſpur, Worceſter and Douglas.

Hot Well ſaid, my noble Scot, if ſpeaking truth
In this fine age were not thought flattery,
Such attribution ſhould the Douglas haue
As not a Souldier of this ſeaſons ſtampe,
Should go ſo generall currant through the world,
By God I cannot flatter, I defie
The tongues of foothers, but a brauer place
In my harts loue hath no man then your ſelfe:
Nay, taske me to my word, approue me Lord.

Dou. Thou art the king of honour,
No man ſo potent breathes vpon the ground,
But I will beard him. *Enter one with letters.*

Hot.

Hot. Do ſo, and t'is well: Wha
but thanke you.

Meſſ. Theſe letters come fr
Hot. Letters from him? why
Meſſ He cannot come, my L
Hot. Zounds, how haz he th
In ſuch a iuſtling time? who lea
Vnder whoſe gouernment co
Meſſ. His letters beares his
Wor. I prethee tell me doth
Meſſ. He did, my Lord, four
And at the time of my departur
He was much feard by his Phi
Wor. I would the ſtate of time
Ere he by ſickneſs had bin viſit
His heath was neuer better wo
Hot. Sicke now, droope now
The very life-bloud of our ent
T'is catching hither, euen to o
He writes me here, that inward
And that his friends by deputa
Could not ſo ſoone be drawne
To lay ſo dangerous and deare
On any ſoule remou'd, but on h
Yet doth he giue vs bold aduer
That with our ſmall coniunct
To ſee how fortune is diſpos'd
For, as he writes, there is no qu
Becauſe the King is certainely
Of all our purpoſes: what ſay
Wor. Your fathers ſickneſſe is
Hot. A perilous gaſh, a very l
And yet, in faith, it is not his pre
Seemes more then we ſhall find
To ſet the exact wealth of al o
All at one caſt? to ſet ſo rich a m
On the nice hazzard of one do
It were not good, for therin ſh

H